

# CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

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Jan Strnad  
Mark Chiarello

Kent Williams





by  
**D. G. Chidester**

**Canabite!**  
**Nathalia Vance**

written  
**John Van Fleet**

and  
**James Novak**  
illustrator

**Lake Flies to Wanton Boys**

**Bursey Hampton-Mack**

written  
**Scott Hampton**

and  
**Tony Hampton-Murray**  
illustrator

**To Prepare a Face**

**Jan Samuel**

written  
**Mark Chizzello**

and  
**Gregor Schulz**  
illustrator

illustrated  
**Mark McLaurin**

front and end piece illustrations by  
**Kent Williams**

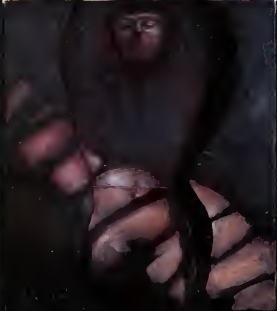
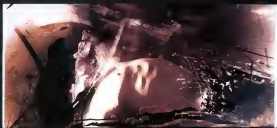
interior illustrations by  
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**Glen Popper**

**Orr Hundley**

**Lynn Harrison**

design and layout by  
**Scott Hampton**



## FOREWORD

The joys and chores of editing the cruel comic you hold in your soon-to-be trembling hands can best be described using the title of another of Mr. Barker's creations; in short, it's a damnation game. And, like all good games, players come—roll dem bones, dem bones—and then those players must go, on to face other challenges.

By example, after succeeding my original reign of terror amongst these pages, editor Margaret Clark has now also chosen to make her escape. And as she ascends to a heavenly heading-up of a number of new projects coming out from U.K. based Neptune Publishing, it's time for yet another player to sell his soul . . .

... or, to coin another phrase, "There's a new sheriff in town, and his name's Marc McLaurin."

No stranger to these blighted shores, Mr. McLaurin penned the relentless tale of "The Vault" in *Hellraiser* No. 2. Having survived the there-and-back of that experience, Marc is *still* eager to leap into the abyss as *Hellraiser*'s new editor; go figure. With such diverse projects as *Critical Mass* and *Marvel Monster Masterworks* under his belt, Marc comes to Hell with enthusiasm certain to bring this book to new heights—or, more importantly, new depths.

On this issue's descent, you will be treated to such sights as "Cenobite," a how-to guide by Nicholas Vince and artist John Van Fleet. Having played the Cenobite "Chatterer" in the *Hellraiser* series of films, Nicholas is uniquely qualified to document the procedure by which one gets that stylish blue-skinned, self-mutilated look. And while this is Mr. Van Fleet's first foray into Leviathan's realm, it certainly won't be his last—he's currently preparing a *Hellraiser/Nightbreed* crossover to be published in the near future. "Like Flies To Wanton Boys" once again gives us the pleasure of presenting Scott Hampton's portrayals of pain (try saying that the proverbial ten times), this time teamed with sister Bunney Hampton-Mack; it's a gothic proverb on the dangers of opening the wrong doors. And in "To Prepare A Face," one of Hell's favorite sons, Jan Sarnad, takes time out from working on *Stalkers* to conclude his informal trilogy of the Cenobite Face; it's a look into darkness courtesy of Mark Chiarello who, in addition to being an extraordinarily talented artist, is also the living reincarnation of Montgomery Clift.

With such chilling creativity to ice our dreams, Marc and I have given up any hope of getting any sleep for ourselves; better we devote our time toward making sure your nights are equally pleasant. We're currently working with Clive to set loose new demons and directions for this comic configuration that we feel sure are going to keep you enjoying Hell as much as we do. After all, gentle reader, you're going to be down here with us a long time, aren't you?

A very, very long time . . .

Daniel Cliechester  
consulting editor

CLIEP018.J



# CENOBIITE!

NICHOLAS VANCE  
CAST FOR  
JAMES VAN FLEET  
ARTIST  
DANIEL MONTAG  
LATTERED

OH MY LORD  
HIGH LEVITATION  
MASTER OF THE  
LAWYERS, ARCH-  
DECEIT OF SHARPS  
& BLOODS  
THREE!!



WWWRRRRRRUUUMMMM

WHAT'S YOUR NAME  
BOY?

Edward  
Levett++  
Did you?

WELL, YOUR  
ANSWER TO  
THE NAME OF  
LEVETT

UNDERSTAND?

YOU'RE TO LOOK  
AFTER THIS NEW BOY  
BUTLETT'S HIS NAME  
AND MAKE SURE HE  
BEHAVES

BUTLETT'S SPIT  
HIS SHITTE AGAIN  
LEVETT CLEAN IT  
UP AND TEACH HIM  
NOT TO DO IT  
AGAIN

IT'S LITTLE  
SHITTER!  
IT'S LITTLE  
SHITTER!  
IT'S LITTLE  
SHITTER!







LEVERETT YOU ARE A BAD OFF GUY TELL ME!! A KISS!! WHAT ARE YOU?

A BAD OFF GUY, ARE?

ONE OF YOUR SOLDIERS NAME WAS LEVERETT

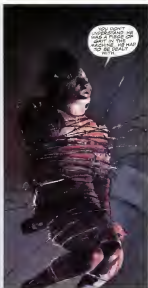
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO MAINTAIN DISCIPLINE!

DIRTY FILTHY DESERTER.

DIRTY FILTHY DESERTER.

DIRTY FILTHY DESERTER.

TRANSFORM





OH, PLEASE, NO.

NOT THIS—PLEASE  
DON'T MAKE ME...

SHUT THE DOOR AT  
THE BACK, JANE.

NEW ORDERS  
FROM BATTALION  
REQ. SIR, WE'RE TO  
WITHDRAW AND

I CAN'T HEAR  
YOU, CORPORAL.  
YOU SHOULD HAVE  
OUR ORDERS ARE  
TO TAKE UP  
ADVANTAGE  
POSITION!

BUT SIR!  
PRIVATE JONES  
NEEDS HELP.  
WE MUST...

ARE YOU  
DISOBEYING  
MY ORDERS,  
CORPORAL?

IT'S ALRIGHT  
COULD WE'VE JUST  
ACROSS TO GUNNY  
THAT MESSING AROUND  
AND THEN YOU'D BE  
BACK HOME YOU

"THE FLESH IS  
WEAK" - "SOMETIMES  
YOU HAVE TO BOSS  
AROUND IT, DON'T YOU?  
THAT'S ALL FOR A  
SECOND IN THE  
END, YOU KNOW

PLEASE  
DON'T GO ANY  
FURTHER

WHEN I GIVE  
THE SIGNAL YOU  
ATTACK THE  
TARGETS I HAVE  
SPECIFIED

NOW!

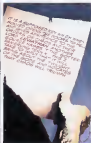
WE REMEMBERED  
IN THE TRENCHES IN THE  
FIRST WORLD WAR...

BBBRRROOOOOO

...HE HADN'T HAD ANYTHING!















NAME?

STANDARD  
LEADERSHIP

KNOW WHY ON YOU DO  
NOT HAVE A NAME YOU ARE  
A STRANGER. YOUR ROLE IS  
TO LEAD-- TO BRING ORDER ON  
THE WORLD OF FLESH. YOU A  
YOUR BRANCH-- BRANCH OF  
LEADERSHIP TO BRING IT



BUT THE BOSS  
WAS CHASED  
WORLD WIDE



IT WAS A JOB

A TRIP  
HE SHOULD NOT  
TOO LONG  
DURING A STRAY  
WALKS THE WORLD  
OF FLESH

YOU CAN  
LEARN TO  
DO IT



YOU WHO  
LIVE BEHIND THEM  
WORLD YOU WILL  
NOT SURRENDER  
YOU WILL RESIST  
DESTRUCTION, CORRUPT  
AND ABOVE ALL  
YOU WILL DIE

THE HOLY  
WAR WILL BE  
WON

LEVIATHAN  
WILL TRIUMPH  
OVER FLESH  
ORDER WILL  
SUCCEED  
CHAOS



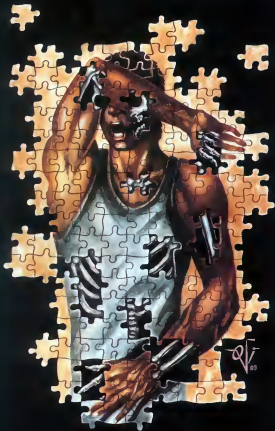
IT LAST  
HAVE A  
COMMANDER

NO A BRANCH  
TRULY WORTHY OF  
THAT NAME

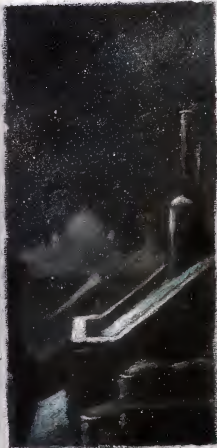
IT LAST  
AND  
ALIVE







QV  
03



## Like Flies to Wanton Boys

written by  
Bunny Hampton-Mason

printed by  
Scott Hampton

lettered by  
Terry Hampton-Mason

in memory of  
Bernie Krigezin



MATTHEW: I THOUGHT YOU'D  
COME BACK. OF ALL THINGS, YOU'LL  
COME BACK. YOU HAVEN'T SENT ABOUT  
THOSE BLACKMAILED JUDGEADE  
RUNNERS IN CONVICTION?

SO, CENTRAL  
DEARLY BEARS ITS  
LIMPY HEAD AT LAST? WELL,  
I CAN'T SAY I'M SURPRISED.  
MY HEARS IN THE STATES HAVE  
GIVEN ME SOCIAL COLLATERAL,  
DEPARTED FROM DOMESTIC.  
IT'S ONLY NATURAL THAT  
YOU SHOULD BEGIN  
WITH RAVY.



HERE, NOW  
I'VE BEEN TRYING  
TO GET YOU ASHORE FOR  
AN HOUR. TOWN TELL ME  
ABOUT THIS WOOLFECH  
FELLOW AND HIS WIFE.  
HE NEVER LEAVES OFF-  
HOURS ONTO HER LIKE  
A LEO NOTE. EXCEPT  
BANDY OFF.

NO!



HOT IF YOU  
KNOW HIS STORY.  
MAN WOOLFECH'S VERY  
PRESENCE HERE TONIGHT  
IS STRANGER THAN HIS  
CLINGING. REWARDER LITTLE  
RECENTLY HE GOT LATELY  
HAPPY LEFT THEIR  
HOUSE FOR NEARLY  
SEVEN YEARS.



JEREMY  
WOLFECH? I  
WOPE THEY LIVE IN  
BUSHMAN'S PALACE  
THAN LONG IF  
GO AWAY!



HE  
VERY  
NEARLY  
END



IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO BEG YOU TO TELL ME ABOUT THEM, YOU'RE QUITE WRONG. I'M PROUD, TRUE, BUT I'M PROUD.

YOU HESITATE, BEG, CUP FOLLOW. I'LL TELL YOU AND I'LL BEGIN WITH A FACT: YOU WILL, MARY, CERTAINLY.

MANY TIMES A DAY YOU DO WITH GREAT CARE, SOMETHING THAT YOU WON'T FORGET IN SEVEN YEARS—YOU WALK INTO CLOSER, SCORING.

IT WAS SEVEN YEARS AGO HE A NEW SERIES, THE PARTY GIVEN BY THE VERY FIRST TO BEG YOU NEVER KNOW HOW HE COULD BE BRINGING OFF YOUR BOOKS FOR HOURS AT A TIME WITH THAT PUZZLE COLLECTION OF HIS.

LAURENCE HIS GUESTS WITH PUZZLES OF EVERY SORT AND THAT NIGHT HE WAS ARRANGED TO SOLVE SOME OF THE FIVE HEY BRIGHT OUT, BUT NO ONE WAS FORTH-ONCE THE WORKING OF THE FIFTH ONE.

THE PUZZLE CAME AROUND TO MEN, SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT AND AS EARLY AS IT LED BEEN BEEN DONE, IT WAS OPENED IT JUST AS THE NEW YEAR ARRIVED.

JUSTIN WAS CLEARLY VERY SURETHAT THAT ANYONE WAS ABLE TO OPEN THAT LAST ONE

WELL, MR. YOU MUST BE QUITE SPECIAL. IT TAKES A PARTICULAR SORT OF PERSON TO OPEN THAT ONE

OH, BUT YOU'VE SUCCEEDED IN ALWAYS ACHIEVING IN THE WAY WHO IS ALONE, UTTERLY OF POSSESSIVENESS IN COMPANY, WE HESITATE THE CHAOS INHERENT IN OUR DAILY LIVES, OUR PETTY FEELINGS, OUR INCOMPLETE ACTIONS

IT IS IN ISOLATION THAT WE COME CLOSEST TO TRULY PERFECT FORM

PEOPLE ARE BORN, NOT PREPARED FOR THE PROFOUND LESSONS TO BE LEARNED FROM SOLITUDE, BUT THE WHOLE WORLD NEEDS THOSE LESSONS

I SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT TO HAVE HAD ANY THAT FURTHER, YOU'VE ARE THE UNLIENT PARTIES IN COMPANY

REALLY? LUCK, I SHOULD SAY AND MYSELF, THE EFFORTS OF THE OTHERS HELPED ELIMINATE THE WRONG APPROACHES, I DIDN'T DO IT ALONE

WELL, I SAY THREE CHIEFS FOR CHAOS THEN, FLUENT PRODUCE UNLINED, I'M WORKING ON A BOOK, I SHOULD BEING ALONE

WHAT I DO OFTEN REARS LITTLE ISOLATION TO WHAT I BELIEVE, MY DEAR, AS IS THE CASE WITH MOST OF US, WE'VE BEING AS

AT THAT TIME, HE HAD QUOTE POSSIBLY THE MOST DETACHED MIND IN LONDON—BUT THAT WAS ABOUT TO CHANGE

RECORD 1915, I GOT WORSE THAT A PRISONER OF WAR, BEING IMMEDIATE ATTENTION AND PREPARED TO LEAVE. WHEN I HADN'T MET ON THE STAIRS, I DIDN'T SUSPECT THAT I WAS SEEING THE OLD MAN FOR THE LAST TIME

ACCORDING TO HIM, THE TOP UPSTAIRS TO GET THEIR COATS—THE SORT OF SOLITARY ACTION HE'D PERFORMED A THOUSAND TIMES—BECAME A TERRIFYING JOURNEY THAT NEARLY COST HIM HIS LIFE

JOHN LIFTED HIS SHOULDER, AS HE SEARCHED THROUGH THE CLOSET. HE HEARD THE DOOR BEHIND HIM CLOSE AND LOOKED TO SEE WHO HAD COME IN.



FINDING NO ONE THERE, HE ATTRIBUTED THE DOOR'S CLOSING TO A PRANKST AND TURNED TO LEAVE.



WHEN HE OPENED THE DOOR, HE WAS GREETED NOT BY THE ORANGE WALL—PAINT ON THE PLASTER WALLS—BUT BY AN UNFAMILIAR ROOM, BLACK AS PET EXCEPT FOR A LIGHTED, GOLDEN DOOR.



CONFIDENT CERTAIN THAT HE'D MADE SOME MISTAKE, THOUGH UNACCOUNTABLE ANYTIME, HE TURNED BACK TO THE BEDROOM TO FIND THE HALL DOOR — AND DISCOVERED THAT THE BEDROOM HAD VANISHED AND HE WAS BLOCKADED BY DARKNESS.



HE FAVORABLE BLACKNESS REFUSED TO PARTURE ABOUT HIM TO AN EVIL CHAIR.



QUICKLY, HE MOVED TO THE GOLDEN DOOR, ASSUMING THAT IT WAS, AFTER ALL, THE WAY BACK TO THE STAGE.



GRABBING THE KNOB, HE THREW THE DOOR OPEN.



... DAYS MORE OF THE FORTRETTING ENGINEERS, DELIVERED ONLY BY ANOTHER GOLDEN DOOR GLAMOROUS AHEAD OF HIM, THIS ONE TWO-THREE AWAY.

WAITING ABOUT TO RETURN THROUGH THE FIRST DOOR, HE FOUND HIMSELF STANDING FRODO BAGGINS.

THE DOOR HAD JUST COME THROUGH HIS DOOR, BALDING HIM OUT OF FROM ANY HOPE OF RETURNING IN THAT DIRECTION.

HE HADT FOLLOWING IN THE BLIND, DIFFERENCES IN ADDRESS, HE GROOMED ABOUT MURDER, BUT MET WITH NOBODY—AND THERE, NO CLOSELY—BY WHICH TO ORIENT HIMSELF.



CREATING THE VOICE THAT SURPRISED HIM AND NATURALLY, DECIDED TO BE ONLY LEFT ENGINEERING TO HIM, HE MOVED TOWARD THE NEXT DOOR.



BUT BEFORE HE EVEN TURNED THE HANDLE, HE WAS CALLED WITH THE SCORING CERTAINTY THAT ONLY MORE OF THE MISSED ENGINEERS WOULD BE FOUND ON THE OTHER SIDE.

*But* he was not wrong.

The only difference was that, this time, the next door was much farther away—half a city block or more.



*But* once again the door toward him was nonexistent.



Impelled by terror, he began for the first time to run—as if conquering the greater distance would surely make it less frightening.

But his heart was only magnetized with each successive door ...



...farther and farther from the last.



STUMBLING, WALKING, RUNNING THROUGH THE HOUSE AND THE DOORS, HE TRIED TO MAKE HIMSELF STOP, MAKE HIMSELF THINK OF ANOTHER WAY, OF SOME REASONABLE EXPLANATION, BUT NOTHING IN THAT SORT, DISCERNING ENOUGH REASON OF A METHOD THAT COULD BE FORGED OUT.

HE WENT, AS SILENT AS IF HE'D BEEN TOLD THAT EVEN OF A FANTASTIC MAGNITUDE WAS HIS COMPARISON ON THE JOURNEY AND THAT IT EXISTED ANY ANALYSIS.

WITHOUT SURTHERANCE OF REST, PEP ONLY BY HIS OWN DESPERATION, HE STAGGERED ON AND ON IN THIS PLACE, WHERE TIME WAS LOST AND ONLY HIS OWN MOTION APPLIED HIM THAT HE STILL LIVED.



WAS AT TIMES WHETHER HE WAS CAPABLE OF UNCONSCIOUS MOVING, OF STILL, HE UNDERSTOOD THAT HE HAD NO EFFECTIVE MEANS OF KNOWING DEATH, MORE DEAD TO HIM, IN A SENSE, THAN EVEN HIS OWN MOVEMENTS AND THE UNFINISHED, ALMOST TANGIBLE PRESENCE OF A WALL, AND CONSCIOUSLY LESS POWER.

AN UNPLACABLE FEAT OF THE UNFINISHED PRESENCE WAS HEIGHTENED BY A DEEP AND PROMISING DEATH OF SOMETHING IN THE WAY, ENTIRELY ALONE, UNTIL DEATH OVERTOOK HIM.

WAS THAT IF EVEN THE UNWELCOME ESCAPE OF DEATH ELATED HIM?

WAS IT HE WERE COMING TO TOWEL THE DEATH ETERNALLY WITHOUT RELEASE?

DETACHED THOUGHTS BEGAN TO ASSAIL HIS COIN, WEATHER, PLUMBING ABOVE THE UNFINISHED HIDEOUT OF A TONK THROUGH AN STEELING, LOST.

HE THOUGHT DISTRACTEDLY OF JO AND STAGGERED, HIS MOST DECENT BOON—THE HEAVEN DROPPED MANUSCRIPT LYING ON HIS PINK AT HOME...

... OF THE PROBLE ARTICLE FOR HIS FATHER'S LAST GIVEN HIM.

... OF HIS LOVELY WIFE AND HOW CONCERNED SHE MUST BE.

... OF THE FACT THAT THEY HAD HEART AND CHILDREN AND HOW MUCH COMFORT THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN TO CATHY IF HE WERE NEVER TO RETURN...

BUT HIS OWN WAVING STEERING PUT AN END TO THESE THOUGHTS, EVERY SORT OF SILENT HE INVENTED IN TRYING TO CARRY THE DEAD, WAS SILENTLY DISTRACTED FROM HIS ABILITY TO KEEP MOVING.

HE STUMBLER WORE, WELL, MORE WHEN HE TRIED TO REMIND HIMSELF MENTALLY FROM HIS SUB-CONSCIOUS.

HE FOUND HE HAD TO CONCENTRATE ON EACH STEP HEW IN ORDER TO GO ON.



...EVEN OF THE WANDERING MORE THAT NEEDED TO BE DONE ON THE OLD BRICK OF THESE LONDON TOWNSHIPS...



NO! ULTIMATELY HE  
WAS SURE THAT  
SOMEONE WAS NO  
LONGER POSSIBLE.

NO! SOMEONE THAT  
WAS NOW WAS SO  
CLOSE THAT IT  
WAS ONLY THE  
HARDEST DUST  
STREAK OF LIGHT,  
BARELY VISIBLE  
TO THE UNARMED  
EYE.

COULD IT BE HIM?  
HIM?

NO! HE WAS A STRAY

WAS IT POSSIBLE FOR  
HIM TO BE HIM?  
ALMOST OF HIM?

WAS THERE ANY WAY  
FOR HIM TO REACH  
HIM TO REACH  
HIM TO REACH  
HIM TO REACH  
HIM TO REACH

NO! IF HE WAS HIM  
IT, NOW IS HIM?  
HIM? COULD HE  
HIM? TO REACH IT  
TO THE ONE AFTER  
HIM?

NO! THEN HE WOULD  
HE KNOW WITH A  
CERTAINLY SOME  
NOT OF HIS OWN  
HIM? BUT A CERTAINLY  
HIM? HIM? HIM?  
HIM? HIM? HIM?  
HIM? HIM? HIM?  
HIM? HIM? HIM?

NO! HE WOULD IT  
HIM? HIM? HIM?  
HIM? HIM? HIM?  
HIM? HIM? HIM?  
HIM? HIM? HIM?  
HIM? HIM? HIM?

NO! THAT REACHING  
IT WOULD FOR  
HIM? HIM? HIM?  
HIM? HIM? HIM?



IN THE FINAL HOURS OF HIS DETERMINED STRUGGLE, TOO WEAK FOR BARE, STEEL-SPUNGLER ONLY TO HANGON TO THE PROMPTINGS OF THAT COULD-KICKING FREAK, HE CRAWLED AND DRAGGED HIMSELF ACROSS A VAST SLUG OF DARKNESS, SEEMING TO REDUCE THE DISTANCE TO THE POOL ONLY BY INCHES WITH EACH PASSING HOUR.

REFLECT TO A STATE OF  
SERIOUSNESS MOST OF  
DEATH BY THE ACIDIC  
IMAGINABLE FRACTION,  
HE FINALLY REACHED  
THAT POOL...

IF HE RECOGNIZED THE  
OF HIS STRENGTH AND  
ACCOMPLISHED THE TASKS, HE  
TURNED IT

AND FOUND  
IT LOCKED



CLAMBLING TO THE FLOOR, HE  
WENT IN DISPERATION.

WAS THIS IT, THEN? THE END OF  
HIS JOURNEY? WAS HE TO DIE  
HERE, SPLAYED AND PROPTED  
LIKE A DISCARDED PUPPET  
AGAINST THIS MELLING DOOR?

HE COULD NOT SO BRACE. THERE  
WAS NO "BRACE", AND EVEN IF  
THERE WERE, HE COULD NOT  
LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TESTING  
HO POWERED JOURNEY.



IN MEANTIME, THOUGH, STILL THREE  
WEEKS AFTER DAYS DISAPPEARANCE  
THE WOODSLEY'S COOK, MARY, HAD  
PERTUSED OUT OF BED WITH BY AN  
UNACCOUNTABLE BRASHING FROM A  
UTTER CLUMPSITY ONE. FOR FOR  
WAKENING, THE MAINTENANT WAS  
RETURNED, POINT IN HAND, TO  
PROVE THE INTEREST.

THOUGH, THIS ANNOYANCE  
WAS, HOWEVER, THEREWITH  
THE DOOR AND THE MURDER  
WILL, CLAMBLING TO THE PLACE  
AT THEIR FEET.

THE LAST FEW MONTHS OF HIS  
SO UNACCOUNTABLY IN HIS OWN EYE, NO ONE KNOW  
WANT TO MAKE OF HIS APPEARANCE, AND HE WAS FINDING  
ITION TO SUPPLY IT WAS HE BEEN IN THE PLANNED  
CLUMPSITY ALL THIS TIME "HAD HE SUFFERED AN ATTACK  
OF AMNESIA" HAD SOME SUTLE PERSON UNBALANCED  
HIS REASON?



ENTERED FOR WEEKS ON THE EDGE OF DEATH,  
AND WERE NEIGHBOURS, I SAW HIM EXHAUSTED  
MORE OFTEN THAN I WOULD NORMALLY SEE A  
SICKLY, AND EACH VISIT GAVE ME LESS REASON  
TO HOPE FOR A FULL RECOVERY.

HE DID FINALLY BEGIN CONSCIOUSNESS, BUT HE RETURNED TO THE WORLD  
A PERSON SO DEEPLY CHANGED THAT EVEN HIS WIFE WONDERED IF THIS  
WAS ONLY A MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE ME.

HE HAD BEEN DEPRIVED OF ANY REMNANCE OF INDEPENDENCE OR AGONY.

HE WOULD NOT LET CATHY LEAVE HIM FOR EVEN A MOMENT, AND HE DID  
NOT GET FROM THAT BEDROOM FOR OVER A YEAR.



ULTIMATELY, HE CAME  
ACROSS ENOUGH TO  
VENTURE NORTH IN  
HIS OWN HOUSE, BUT  
ONLY WITH CATHERINE  
ON HIS ARMS, ACCOMPANIED BY  
THROUGH EVERY  
ROOM AND INTO  
EVERY ROOM.

IT WAS DURING THIS TIME THAT HE TOLD ME THE STORY I'VE TOLD YOU. HE ASKED ME TO FIND OUTMORE ABOUT THE FUGITIVE BOY, AND WHEN I TOLD HIM FUGITIVE BOY LEFT THE CITY ABOUT TWO WEEKS, THE SOUTHERN COMMISSIONER COUNSELLED ME AGAIN, WARNING ME TO BE CAREFUL, AS IF CATCHING A SUSPECT THING.

1. ANOTHER REASON FOR DAWKINS' BELIEF THAT HE WAS SURVIVING THE PUZZLE WAS THE KEY TO HIS SITUATION AND THAT DAWKINS'S REACTION ABOUT SOLITUDE HAD BEEN NOT MERELY BITS OF POETRY CONSIDERATION, BUT A WARNING TO NOT TRY TO RECREATE HIS OLD LIFESTYLE OF SOCIAL CONTACT AS BELIEVED THAT A HAZARDOUS FORCE HAD THREATENED HIM. THAT IT STILL THREATENED HIM, AND THAT HE COULD AFFORD IT ONLY BY REMAINING ISOLATED FROM THE OUTSIDE.

STANDARD AND POOR RATING ADJUSTED TO THE MODERATE LIFESTYLE. INFORMATION FROM AN INVESTMENT ANALYST HAS INDICATED THAT FORD HAS AN "A" RATING OF MODERATE—AND THE BEST OF HIS PEERS. LARRY AGREES TO HIS OWN CONCLUSION TO LIVE.

It was only recently that they reappeared in the for the first time, and he sacrificed nothing when he followed him. He is more ample content to his friends.



NOW THAT  
THEY'VE BEGUN TO  
GO OUT I SUPPOSE  
THE GOODBYE ABOUT HIM  
WILL BEGIN AGAIN BUT  
NO ONE KNOWS WHAT  
REALLY HAPPENED  
TO SAM DENVER  
YET.

AND THERE  
YOU HAVE THE  
STORY WHAT DO YOU  
MAKE OF IT?

I AM NOT  
COURTEOUS. I SHOULD  
LIKE TO EXPLAIN IT  
ACTUALLY.

I ONLY  
WISH IT  
HAD HAPPENED  
TO ME WITH  
MYSTERIA, LIKE  
THAT MY SPARK  
CASHIER WOULD  
KNOW AND I COULD  
GIVE THE SPARK IN  
ANDYCA  
A BENT

I SUPPORT OUR  
ARMY AND NAVY  
THE BOLDNESS OF ORALITY BY  
HON. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

BY ALL MEANS  
BUT JUST TO BE CERTAIN  
SAFE SAFE—AFTER YOU  
MY DEAR MOTHER







HEAAAKK!

ORDERLY!  
SAULT'S HERE!!



WAAAAH!  
AAAAH!



GAAAAH!  
GAAAAH! OH,  
MY GOD!

I  
AGREE!!



I'M  
GOING  
TO GET  
YOU!



GOD!



I  
CAN'T





JOSH!!  
JOSH!! MAKE  
LEAVE!!

**HRRRAAAAKKK!!**



NO GOD!  
WHAT IS  
THIS?



CALM  
YOURSELF,  
MUM! NO-ONE'S  
WRONG?

IT'S CATHY!  
SHE'S BACKING! YOU'VE  
GOT TO COME!



LEAVE!

NO  
MORE!

WHERE  
ARE YOU?



WHAT IN THE  
WORLD!...



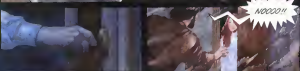
GOD,  
PLEASE DON'T  
LET HIM GO  
AGAIN...



CATHY!



CA





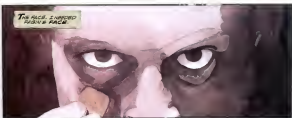


ALONE...

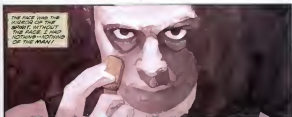
...ALONE



*THE FACE. I NEEDED  
MORE OF A FACE.*



*THE FACE WAS THE  
MIRROR OF THE  
SPIRIT. WITHOUT  
THE FACE, I HAD  
NOTHING—NOTHING  
OF THE MAN!*



*THAT NIGHT, I'D HAVE SOLD MY SOUL  
FOR THE PERFECT COMBINATION OF  
PAINT AND PENCILS THAT REPRODUCED  
FAHNS' CONFIDENTIALITY STYLE IN  
MY MIRROR!*



# TO PREPARE A FACE



SET  
36  
OLIVER  
TWIST

WE WOULD BEGIN FILMING  
OLIVER TWIST THE NEXT  
MORNING. PAULIN DECIDES  
DISCREETLY GIVE—THERE  
WAS HE? THERE WAS HIS  
FACE?

WHY DID IT ALWAYS HAVE TO  
BE THIS WAY?  
WHY DID I ALWAYS HAVE TO  
KNOW THIS THING? I  
WAS MUST I BE THE ONE  
TO SHOULDERS THE BURDEN  
OF RESPONSIBILITY?

STORY • JIMMY GORDON  
ART • JOHN CHAPPELLE  
LETTERS • JIMMY







I GUILTTRIPPED  
EVERY FACE THAT  
DARED NOSE TO  
SEE THE CLUB I  
NEEDED ==



INTERIOR MONOLOGUE:  
PREPARING FOR THE  
BRIEFEST GLIMPSE  
OF MY FAME



FIFTY FIFTY I'D NEVER  
"MADE IT" - NOT LONG BEFORE  
ACROSS I COULD NAME!  
BUT WITHOUT THE FACE  
I WAS NOTHING!

WITHOUT THE FACE  
I WAS LOST...  
CRUELTY  
FLOODING ME IN  
UNRECOGNIZED BEARS!



BY  
DEFEATING  
THE  
STREET'S  
SHADOWS  
AND ALL  
SILENT.

SOON I  
WOULD FACE  
THAT HORROR,  
ALL-GRAND  
EYE.  
IT WOULD  
SMILE AND  
MY HOLLOW-  
NESS, AND I  
WOULD BEAR  
NAKED MY  
PRAUDFULNESS  
EXPOSED TO  
THE WORLD!



PAROXY  
MS.

I RAPIDLY GLENNED HIS FACE  
AS HE PASSED. IN AN INSTANT  
HE WAS GONE, SWALLOWED BY  
THE SHADOWS.



FADIN!



HE COULDN'T HAVE  
BOME AWAY, IF ONLY  
HE'D KNOWN HOW  
EASILY I MISTAKED  
HIM... AND HIS FACE!



THE ALLEY LED TO A MANNEQUIN SHOW  
BOTH THE GEM DOOR A SCOUNDREL  
EXPLOSION OF LIGHT ASSURED BUT...



...AND WHEN IT SUBSIDED,  
I FOUND THE HARRY GORDON,  
A LARLEIGH BELL ANCHOR  
LIFELIKE SMILE







"YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THAT? MARTIN GARDNER AND IT'S STILL HANGING ON IN IT'S OLD GLORY? IT'S REALLY THAT GOOD?"

"PEOPLE LOVE TO GO TO ONE OF THESE TRAILERS."



"THAT'S HIM. PEOPLE DON'T ANDREWS THE WHITE AND COLOUR ON SCREEN. DAMN HIGH PERFORMANCE. POWERFUL."

"BREAKING ON RACE'S--"



"YOU SEE HOW YOU KNOW THAT? WHAT'S YOU TELLING ME?"



"HOW CAN THE INVENTOR, I'M  
SAY, 'WILL' ME, WHAT I  
WANT?"

**THE**

THE HIGHEST COURT HAS  
SETTLED LONG-TOU  
THE ISSUE OF DISCRIMINATION

ANOTHER DAY'S RAIN, LITERALLY WORKS OVER MY GUY. A LITTLE TOUCH-UP THE BRILLIANT DAY AFTER, AND I BECAME RAINY! I REMEMBERED --

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

DO IT WITH AN APPROPRIATE  
THAT YOUR BATHING OR DRINKING  
THE SPECTRUM?

NOT AT ALL. IT  
WAS HIS 20 BIRTHDAY  
AND HE WAS BEING  
SURPRISED BY HIS  
FAMILY.

1992 1993 1994 1995 1996 1997 1998 1999 2000 2001 2002 2003 2004 2005 2006 2007 2008 2009 2010 2011 2012 2013 2014 2015 2016 2017 2018 2019 2020 2021 2022 2023 2024 2025 2026 2027 2028 2029 2030 2031 2032 2033 2034 2035 2036 2037 2038 2039 2040 2041 2042 2043 2044 2045 2046 2047 2048 2049 2050 2051 2052 2053 2054 2055 2056 2057 2058 2059 2060 2061 2062 2063 2064 2065 2066 2067 2068 2069 2070 2071 2072 2073 2074 2075 2076 2077 2078 2079 2080 2081 2082 2083 2084 2085 2086 2087 2088 2089 2090 2091 2092 2093 2094 2095 2096 2097 2098 2099 2100 2101 2102 2103 2104 2105 2106 2107 2108 2109 2110 2111 2112 2113 2114 2115 2116 2117 2118 2119 2120 2121 2122 2123 2124 2125 2126 2127 2128 2129 2130 2131 2132 2133 2134 2135 2136 2137 2138 2139 2140 2141 2142 2143 2144 2145 2146 2147 2148 2149 2150 2151 2152 2153 2154 2155 2156 2157 2158 2159 2160 2161 2162 2163 2164 2165 2166 2167 2168 2169 2170 2171 2172 2173 2174 2175 2176 2177 2178 2179 2180 2181 2182 2183 2184 2185 2186 2187 2188 2189 2190 2191 2192 2193 2194 2195 2196 2197 2198 2199 2200 2201 2202 2203 2204 2205 2206 2207 2208 2209 2210 2211 2212 2213 2214 2215 2216 2217 2218 2219 2220 2221 2222 2223 2224 2225 2226 2227 2228 2229 2230 2231 2232 2233 2234 2235 2236 2237 2238 2239 2240 2241 2242 2243 2244 2245 2246 2247 2248 2249 2250 2251 2252 2253 2254 2255 2256 2257 2258 2259 2260 2261 2262 2263 2264 2265 2266 2267 2268 2269 2270 2271 2272 2273 2274 2275 2276 2277 2278 2279 2280 2281 2282 2283 2284 2285 2286 2287 2288 2289 2290 2291 2292 2293 2294 2295 2296 2297 2298 2299 2300 2301 2302 2303 2304 2305 2306 2307 2308 2309 2310 2311 2312 2313 2314 2315 2316 2317 2318 2319 2320 2321 2322 2323 2324 2325 2326 2327 2328 2329 2330 2331 2332 2333 2334 2335 2336 2337 2338 2339 2340 2341 2342 2343 2344 2345 2346 2347 2348 2349 2350 2351 2352 2353 2354 2355 2356 2357 2358 2359 2360 2361 2362 2363 2364 2365 2366 2367 2368 2369 2370 2371 2372 2373 2374 2375 2376 2377 2378 2379 2380 2381 2382 2383 2384 2385 2386 2387 2388 2389 2390 2391 2392 2393 2394 2395 2396 2397 2398 2399 2400 2401 2402 2403 2404 2405 2406 2407 2408 2409 2410 2411 2412 2413 2414 2415 2416 2417 2418 2419 2420 2421 2422 2423 2424 2425 2426 2427 2428 2429 2430 2431 2432 2433 2434 2435 2436 2437 2438 2439 2440 2441 2442 2443 2444 2445 2446 2447 2448 2449 2450 2451 2452 2453 2454 2455 2456 2457 2458 2459 2460 2461 2462 2463 2464 2465 2466 2467 2468 2469 2470 2471 2472 2473 2474 2475 2476 2477 2478 2479 2480 2481 2482 2483 2484 2485 2486 2487 2488 2489 2490 2491 2492 2493 2494 2495 2496 2497 2498 2499 2500 2501 2502 2503 2504 2505 2506 2507 2508 2509 2510 2511 2512 2513 2514 2515 2516 2517 2518 2519 2520 2521 2522 2523 2524 2525 2526 2527 2528 2529 2530 2531 2532 2533 2534 2535 2536 2537 2538 2539 2540 2541 2542 2543 2544 2545 2546 2547 2548 2549 2550 2551 2552 2553 2554 2555 2556 2557 2558 2559 2560 2561 2562 2563 2564 2565 2566 2567 2568 2569 2570 2571 2572 2573 2574 2575 2576 2577 2578 2579 2580 2581 2582 2583 2584 2585 2586 2587 2588 2589 2590 2591 2592 2593 2594 2595 2596 2597 2598 2599 2600 2601 2602 2603 2604 2605 2606 2607 2608 2609 2610 2611 2612 2613 2614 2615 2616 2617 2618 2619 2620 2621 2622 2623 2624 2625 2626 2627 2628 2629 2630 2631 2632 2633 2634 2635 2636 2637 2638 2639 2640 2641 2642 2643 2644 2645 2646 2647 2648 2649 2650 2651 2652 2653 2654 2655 2656 2657 2658 2659 2660 2661 2662 2663 2664 2665 2666 2667 2668 2669 2670 2671 2672 2673 2674 2675 2676 2677 2678 2679 2680 2681 2682 2683 2684 2685 2686 2687 2688 2689 2690 2691 2692 2693 2694 2695 2696 2697 2698 2699 2700 2701 2702 2703 2704 2705 2706 2707 2708 2709 2710 2711 2712 2713 2714 2715 2716 2717 2718 2719 2720 2721 2722 2723 2724 2725 2726 2727 2728 2729 2730 2731 2732 2733 2734 2735 2736 2737 2738 2739 2740 2741 2742 2743 2744 2745 2746 2747 2748 2749 2750 2751 2752 2753 2754 2755 2756 2757 2758 2759 2760 2761 2762 2763 2764 2765 2766 2767 2768 2769 2770 2771 2772 2773 2774 2775 2776 2777 2778 2779 2780 2781 2782 2783 2784 2785 2786 2787 2788 2789 2790 2791 2792 2793 2794 2795 2796 2797 2798 2799 2800 2801 2802 2803 2804 2805 2806 2807 2808 2809 2810

I HEREBY CERTIFY THAT THE ABOVE IS A TRUE AND CORRECT COPY OF THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENT.

SIGNED \_\_\_\_\_

DATE \_\_\_\_\_

BY \_\_\_\_\_

TEACHERS JOIN THE  
TEACHING LIFE OF  
TEACHERS FIRST  
COUNCILS AND  
SCHOOLBOARDS

ON SCENERY /  
WELL, THE TASTE  
WASN'T ON YOUR  
TONGUE / I DON'T  
RECOGNIZE IT

**CONCLUSION**  
I have attempted to  
to make the  
best of it.

**I** SHOULD HAVE TO GO  
ALONG THE ADULT NEXT  
TIME THE NEXT RACE  
WAS CANCELLED BUT IT WAS  
A SCRAPING ROLE, NO  
DUST, I WASN'T QUINCY THE  
TRICK, I COULDN'T LET  
IT GO!

DEVELOPMENTAL STAGE  
CAUSATION AND THE  
I. STATE THAT BUT  
DEVELOPMENTAL IN DEVEL-  
PMENT TO THE ACTION IS  
MAINTAINED IN THE  
BUT THEREFORE  
MAINTAINED TO THE  
MAINTAINED



I TOOK A SHIP TO ENGLAND ON THE PRETEXT OF VISITING A FRIEND. FOR THIS VERY REASON I HAD TO TAKE A RACE WITH ME AND REPRESENT, A RACE THAT COULD HAVE A NORMAL SCENARIO... OR DEEP WITH FRIENDS.



OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, AN OLD WOMAN WAS HAVING SOMEONE ELSE... FOR SHE WAS HAVING A... I COULDN'T TELL WHAT WAS IT A CHILD OR AN ANIMAL?



SHE HAD THE 'CHILD'... WHICH I STILL COULD NOT GET OUT OF MY HEAD... AND I HEARD THE HAPPY DREAMING OF AS THE HINDS SPREAD THE FEATURES. I MOVED CLOSING.



THE CALL, THE DANCE THE LONG, TORTUROUS JOURNEY ACROSS THE OCEAN... ALL WERE UNHAPPY AS I HEARD THE HINDS OF THE THING IN THE BAG.



THE BODY WAS WHITE AND UTTERLY WITHOUT COLOR, BEING LIKE, ALMOST SILENT, BUT THE FACE COMMANDED MY ATTENTION, THE RUTHLESSLY HUMILIATING FACE!





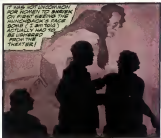
“THE UNDISPUTABLE  
HUNCHBACK OF  
NOTRE DAME!”



“EDMUND TOOK CITY ON THE  
DESERT, AND ONCE AGAIN THE  
WATER FLOWED OVER THAT  
DELICIOUS AND BUMPY FACE!  
THE PLEASURE I FELT AT THAT  
MOMENT WAS—UNDEFINABLE!”



“AHEM!  
THAT MAN...  
THAT FACE!  
HE IS AN ICON  
OF HISTORY!”



“IT WAS NOT DROUGHT  
FOR HIM TO BARKEN  
ON FIRST BEARING THE  
HUNCHBACK'S FACE  
DOWN (I AM TOLD)  
ACTUALLY HAD TO  
BE LIGHTEARD  
FROM THE  
THEATRE!”



“THIS HAS BEEN A GREAT DAY FOR ME,  
PETTY. DRIVING—ME, ANNOUNCING AFTER  
SO MANY YEARS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BILL!”

“IT'S AS IF I'D BEEN STRUGGLING UP WITH  
SOME GIANT PUSSES ALL THIS TIME, AND  
THE LAST PUSSE HAS FINALLY DROPPED  
INTO PLACE!”

“I'M VERY HAPPY  
FOR YOU, HONESTLY.”



“I'VE WANTED TO MARRY YOU  
FOR SO LONG, BUT I NEVER  
DARED TO ASK! NOW I FEEL  
AS IF I COULD LOCK THE WORLD,  
SO TELL ME—”

“WILL YOU  
MARRY ME,  
PETTY?”

“I... I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT TO SAY! I  
NEVER REALIZED...”





I OUGHT TO GO TO MY BED -  
SHARPEN MYSELF. NOW IT WAS  
TIME TO STONE HIM AWAY  
AND CONSIDER THE DEMANDS  
ON MY NEXT ROLE.



FOR THIS  
ONE, EVEN  
HE HAD  
TOLD  
HANDICAP!  
THIS TIME!!

—I WOULD  
HAVE TO  
IMPROVISE.



THE FILM WAS FINISHED BY THE OPERA.  
I WOULD STAY AS THE DIRECTOR OF  
DEBATING. JANE AND NORMAN WOULD  
AGAIN PLAY THE PARTS OF THE  
VOICE OF THE DEBATE.

OR... SO IT WAS  
NOTHING.

I'VE BEEN  
THINKING  
ABOUT...

—THAT IF HE WOULD  
APPROACH OUR ENGAGEMENT  
WITH THE NEW IS, IN IS  
WILL BEADY INTO THE  
SILVER PINK CITY!



PITY! PEOPLE  
GET ENGAGED  
FOR LOVE, NOT  
TO BEAT ABOUT  
TICKETS!

BUT YOU KNOW  
I LOVE YOU!  
WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH KILLING  
TWO BIRDS  
WITH ONE  
STONE?

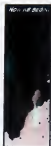
SURE, WE  
SHOULD TALK  
ABOUT IT LATER.  
IN PRIVATE.



NORMAN, I CAN'T  
TELL YOU HOW  
HAPPY I AM  
FOR YOU. SHE'S  
ALIVE! THAT  
WOULD MAKE YOU  
YOU KNOW!







WHEN NORMAN NORMAN  
I EXPLAINED TO HIM  
ABOUT THE  
PLOT.

YOU SEE ERIC WAS  
UNWILLING TO LISTEN  
BY HIS OWN VOL  
UNTARIES

HE SPENT LONG  
HOURS AND MONTHS  
FOCUSING HERE,  
CREATING THE  
NORMAN THAT  
YOUR CHARACTER,  
RADUL DE GRANTY,  
SO ADMIRER.

"AND CHARLIE  
LOVED THE PLOT...  
AS LONG AS HE STAYED  
ONLY FROM THE  
SHADOWS... WHEN  
HE BEHOLD HIS  
MONUMENTAL FACE  
HIS LOVE TURNED  
TO HATEFUL."

HOW WOULD BETTY FEEL  
ABOUT THIS? I WONDER  
IF YOUR HANDWRITING  
RESEMBLES HER SCRAWL  
ANYMORE? I  
WOULD HER LOVE REMAIN  
TRUE? OR WOULD SHE RE-  
COIL FROM THE VERY SIGHT  
OF YOUR CHARACTER AND  
REFUSE TO BE ANY... AS  
EVIDENCED BY THE  
REMARKABLE TH

YOUR ACTING IS HORROR  
NORMAN, YOU POSTURE  
AND STUT ACROSS THE  
SCREEN LIKE A PEACOCK!  
YOUR ACTING SUCKS  
BECAUSE YOUR SCENE  
WAS NOT?

WELL, I'M NOT  
HAPPY!

THEY CAME THROUGH THE  
GATES OF HELL TO SHOW  
THE SCENE TO THEM  
BUT I HAD THE DRIVE  
TO USE IT? NOW I'M  
GOING TO SHOW IT  
WITH NORMAN.









I'LL HAVE YOU  
BEFORE I  
LET YOU RUIN  
THAT!



THAT WAS WHEN YOU  
CAME FOR ME.

WHAT  
IN THE  
HELL?



YOU!  
YOU'RE  
THE  
ONE!



"MY FRIEND."



COME.



I WISH I COULD  
HAVE SEEN THEIR  
FACES--

...AND YOU  
TAKING US AWAY.



I HAD TO LEAVE RUTH AND  
GUMWOOD BEHIND IN  
PORTLAND, SINCE THEN,  
I'VE ADDED CONSIDERABLY  
TO MY COLLECTION. LUCKILY  
THEY DON'T SEEM TO  
MIND MY HERE.

I HAVE A FACE FOR  
EVERY OCCASION,  
ONE FOR EVERY MOOD.



VERY  
NICE  
YOU'VE  
ACQUIRED  
WELL.  
LEVATHAL  
IS PLEASED.

I'VE BEEN UNDER PRESSURE  
TO HASTEN THEM ON, BUT  
I'VE CHOSEN RATHER  
TO STAY TO THE TASK.  
I'VE STARTED THINKING  
ABOUT SCRAPING...



The End



MARK RYDEN



## AFTERWORD

There is no such thing as an essence of horror. Horror is a chameleon, changing with its environs, from place to place, person to person, age to age. But there is an essence in man that seeks horror, that is universal from place to place, person to person, and ageless.

The attic of my parents' home was a dark place that bred that essence. A railroad system of rooms piled high with boxes of outgrown clothes and forgotten furniture, it was a child's wonderland. Through my pre-teen years I had, with the help of friends, slowly transformed the rooms from a neatly organized warehouse into a soft, mountainous landscape that probably had a floor under it, somewhere. Two of the rooms had a connecting door which, knob removed, had been locked for as long as I could remember. But, because of their strange victorian arrangements and interior shapes, the long corridor outside the first room lent no indication that it could be connected to the second in any way. Keen detective work—or what could pass for it at my age—connected the two sides of the door in my mind, but it took a while. It would take a stranger, I reasoned, even longer. The stage was set.

A long and fairly complicated story of gremlins (years before the movie) was the overture, my attic the stage, and my friend, Benson, the anxious victim—make that audience—to my work of horror fiction. Standing him to one side, I set the mood and braced myself against the locked door, sliding a broken knob into place. The door rattled. Benson stepped back.

Announcing my mistake, with an edge of oh-god-please-don't-tell-my-dad panic in my voice, I ordered him to brace the door while I went to help. He obeyed, looking to me for some answer, some control of the situation he'd fallen into. I ran out.

Outside the room, I headed for the connected room—for the shared door. There, I began to hit the door, slowly at first, then with increasing vigor. In tandem came the sound effects, the natural accompaniment of any attack from the unknown, Rhythmic. Furious.

Five. That was how many times I had to hit the door before Benson took off for the stairs, heroism forsaken for the instinct of self-preservation. I raced after him through three floors, finally catching up with him outside the house with lungs empty from racing and laughing at once. He laughed too—after he hit me.

There is no essence of horror. But if one were to classify that drive; that desire in man to be afraid and to live with fear, breathlessly; to be alive by experiencing the ultimate fear of that moment when we anticipate death, it might boil down to one thing.

We seek the door, but we don't want it to open.

In Clive Barker's *Hellraiser*, we'll certainly be opening a great many doors, and there's no telling what we may let out. We'll be back in just three months, with a whole new labyrinth, so stick around. I still have that broken door knob.



Clive Barker

*novelist*

Robbun Bradburn

*belgian*

Daniel Clithorne

*contemporary fiction*

Maria Jinn

*novel*

Margaret Clark

Mary McLaurin

*poet*

Carl Esra

*novel*

*fantasy*

Tom De Haven

*novel*

Yusef J.

*novel*

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Winding and wicked are the roads to Hell. Roads filled with actors trading masks of comedy and tragedy for ones of human flesh. Roads backed up with vets whose wars could never leave enough scars to please the Genobites. Roads paved with lost travelers offering their souls for a final glimpse of the light. But there are shortcuts to Hell, as well, mapped out inside these pages by the internal imaginings of Clive Barker. They're guaranteed to get you down below in style.

Getting back is your problem.

